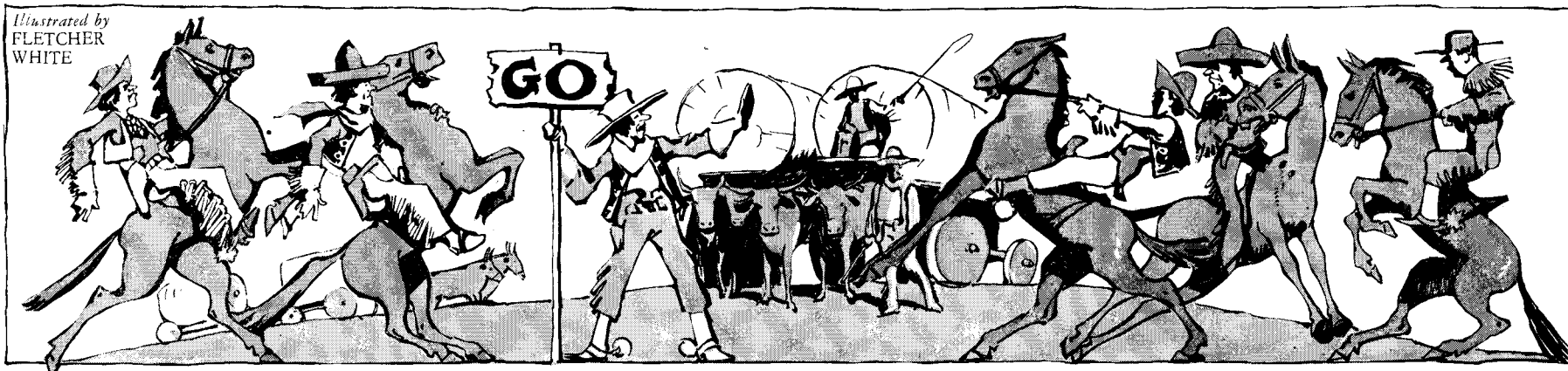


Illustrated by
FLETCHER
WHITE



The traffic problem is no novelty in Hollywood. The place was hopelessly tangled seventy-six years ago

In One Ear

MAJOR HORACE K. BELL, who visited the location of Hollywood in 1852, said that the place was all cluttered up with "covered wagons, stages and wooden-wheeled *carretas* drawn by oxen, but," he added, "the traffic problem lies in controlling the riders of spirited horses." And thus you see that in 76 years one town in the United States hasn't changed any. Hollywood is still that way.

Collections

ALTHOUGH Albert B. Fall, ex-Secretary of the Interior, and heavy in the Teapot Dome melodrama, is generally spoken of as the gentleman from New Mexico, his home is, and has been for many years, El Paso, Texas. He lives in a large red brick house, with tall white pillars, on what is known as "Golden Hill," and in years gone by, before he was elevated, first to the Senate and then to the Cabinet, he used to maintain a suite of law offices in a downtown office building. Located in the same building was Mr. Dan Jackson, also a lawyer, who is now practicing his profession in the city of Washington. Mr. Jackson is quite a humorist and in bygone days, long before Fall became famous, he used to delight in relating the following anecdote:

The owner of the building in which he and "Judge" Fall had their offices was an excitable old German and on one occasion when Jackson's rent was slightly past due he came around and demanded payment. At the moment the demand was embarrassing and so the struggling young attorney said: "Now look here, I'm broke just at present but if you'll wait until fall—"

"Oh, no! no!" shrieked the excitable Teuton. "Mein Gott, no! I'll not wait because Fall he never pays. Never."

The Bribe

CALVIN COOLIDGE, President of the United States, must read ordinary copies of newspapers like the rest of us. But George V. Windsor, King of England, gets a fancy edition of The Daily London Mail every morning. The reading matter is exactly the same as that which reaches the masses on the tubes, busses and commuters' trains. But the king's copy is the first copy run off the presses and is printed on the most expensive glazed paper. This is a new custom. A London reporter visiting America recently explained it:

"Lord Rothermere, who owns the Daily Mail, wanted to boast that his paper was absolutely errorless. He offered bonuses, prizes, rewards, and various other inducements, including dis-

missal of everyone responsible for error, but still his staff couldn't bat 100 per cent perfect.

"Then he suddenly got a new idea. He called his staff together and said:

"Gentlemen, hereafter we will print the first copy of The Mail on a special paper and will send it to His Majesty. That will be the royal copy, and the million and a half other copies of the daily edition will be exactly like it, except for the printing paper.

"And, gentlemen," he added, 'His Majesty's royal copy must be errorless.'

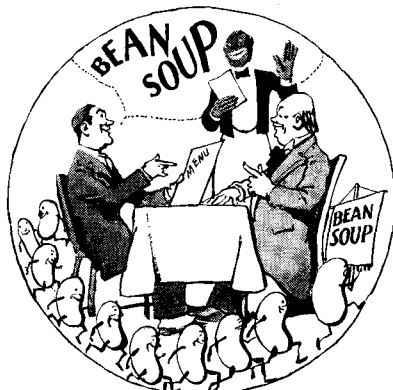
"Most certainly, sir," agreed the staff in awe.

"They tell you in Fleet Street that errors dropped ninety per cent in The Mail and that Rothermere comes within a hair's breadth daily of making good his boast of accuracy."

Masculine, Feminine & Neuter

OUR annual medal for no-trifling-with-morals supremacy is hereby awarded to the lady in Sioux Falls who wrote to a play broker for a selection of plays to be presented by a society of young church women.

"We will stand for no light nonsense," she wrote. "And we don't want any plays dealing with gender like They Knew Not What They Wanted and Desirable Under The Elms. Please do not give this letter any publicity as I have seen both."



"Upon What Meat Doth
This Our Cæsar Feed?"

A GREAT Frenchman, in speaking of strawberries, once said: "If God had wanted to He probably could have made a better berry than the strawberry. But He didn't." And down in Washington your congressman's opinion of the white bean soup served in the Congressional Restaurant is somewhat similar. With a superstitious faith that admits of no questioning all

congressmen cling to the belief that white bean soup is THE SOUP.

Therefore, if your congressman asks you to lunch with him—and if you can control your wife's vote he will—and leads you to the restaurant in the capitol, the thing for you to do to appear sophisticated is to order white bean soup. Do it at once and do it in a loud voice because otherwise you will have to sit for at least ten minutes and listen to a long-winded panegyric which will begin with: "Now, have you ever tasted our white bean soup?"

If your congressman ever gets that far you are lost. Nothing can stop him; he will go on until he has spilled out all the eloquence in his system. But if you have spiked his guns by getting in the order ahead of the oratory then there is a chance that he'll talk to you about the appropriation bill for the new post office in your town that you are interested in.

Identification

"**HAVE** you ever seen Adam's grave?" That's a query which often passes between men in the bootleg underworld. Adam was a trained pigeon. He would fly at a whistle call from any distance and alight on the shoulder of Sam, his negro owner. Sam was a convict who had spent 37 years of his life in prisons. When Adam died Sam was permitted to bury him in the inner lawn of the Federal prison at Atlanta, Georgia. No prisoner passes through that institution who does not become familiar with the elaborately fenced tombstone of Adam. When a man admits that he has "seen Adam's grave," in bootlegger parlance, he has been a prisoner at Atlanta.

Heave Ho, My Lads!

GOVERNOR SMITH of New York, whose sense of responsibility has not in the least smothered his sense of humor, was recently taking a solitary stroll down the beach at a Jersey shore resort.

A friend, seeing him, was shocked twice. First at seeing the governor alone, and second at seeing him in such a costume, because, contrary to all precedent New York's chief executive was wearing a yachting cap and carrying a cane.

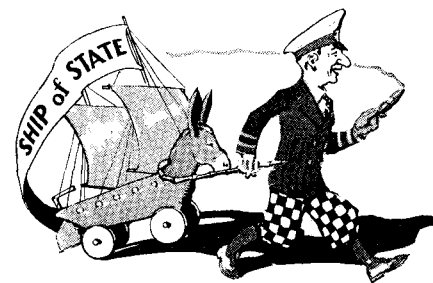
The friend rushed up. "What in Heaven's name's the matter with you,

Governor?" he said. "Why, you look ridiculous, all dolled up like that in a sea-going costume and carrying a cane. Don't you know that sailors don't sport walking sticks?"

The governor looked at his friend for a moment and then he looked at the nice malacca in his hand.

"This," he said gravely, "is not a walking stick. In the present emergency it's a boat hook." And then passed on.

The Great Still Mystery



ONE of the hardest-working of the General Electric's research engineers was on the trail of a discovery. To arrive at a satisfactory conclusion he required a still. Not one of your ordinary coil and retort contraptions

but an exceedingly special still with devices of his own designing.

Its making took weeks; but one Saturday word arrived that the still was in the Schenectady freight yards. The scientist scurried to his office to await the treasure. He waited until midnight. He went home pondering upon the futility of the hauling department.

In the morning he went to the yards. The still was gone. The company's truckmen knew nothing about it. At the freight yards the worried agent showed the General Electric receipt on which he had delivered it to the truckmen.

The scientist was begloomed. The police were notified. The chief had a look around. He found no still but he came upon a flood of brand-new whisky with which large numbers of Schenectady citizens were making merry.

He headed a raid on the source of the general joy and found a still such as even he had never seen. He called the scientist, who identified it and then, as policemen will, he asked the distiller to explain.

"Me, I need a still," said Tommasso. "Someone he say there is a gooda one in the freight yard. I see and I weep for joy for so beautiful a still. Now, how to get heem. I find a order—what you call heem—blank from the electric company and I gat my cousin Sammarco to write heem.

"For fiva days I make fine whisky and do a big business with the men w'at worka for the General Electric. Too bad. Too bad. Now I lose a lot of business."

Tommasso went to jail but that didn't help the scientist. The whisky had corroded the metal of the still.

Stop that Noise! By JOHN B. KENNEDY

TUT, tut! Not another word now. We're all fed up on ballyhoo. If you'll refrain from making our nights hideous with your speeches, we'll elect you out of sheer gratitude. Look what we did in Detroit. We elected Silent John Lodge, who hasn't even said "Thank you," thank heaven. Up in Newburyport we elected Bossy Gillis, hoping that, like all mayors after election, he'd subside. He has. However, our favorite is Lodge. He didn't say a word even before election. So stop that noise. You may be President yet.

DETROIT elected a mayor who wouldn't talk. Newburyport, a Yankee township of 17,000 population, elected the man who wouldn't stop talking.

The answer is that Detroit was sick of what Newburyport had never tasted—the concentrated ballyhoo that seemed to be indispensable to both victors and vanquished in American elections until John C. Lodge of Detroit proved otherwise.

He and Bossy Gillis of Newburyport stand at opposite poles in the business of vote getting, but both got the votes, or enough of them to ride into power.

Andrew J. Gillis, appropriately called Bossy, was one of the year's jests: a roughneck who smacked a mayor's chin and went to jail for it. Then he succeeded the mayor he had assaulted.

When you first meet His Honor of Detroit you gather the impression that here is a born schoolmaster. Elderly, with a slim, wiry figure, a thin cap of tinged white hair adds to the ascetic effect of a lean, pale face.

His eyes are a challenging gray, with an occasional spark but little warmth. The warmth is in his voice.

"I'm passionately fond of public speaking," he confessed at the first question as to why he had deliberately chosen to be a sphinx. "I've made as many as thirty different speeches in a day when campaigning for the new city charter in Detroit. And I enjoyed it."

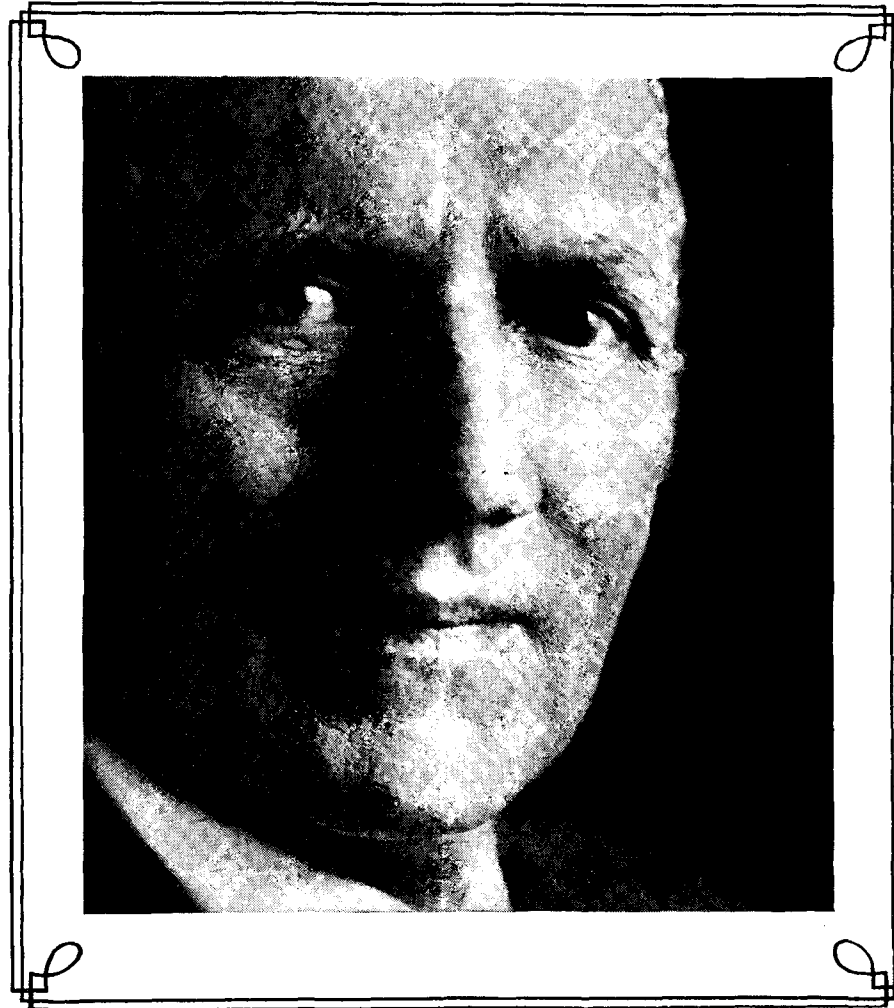
"But I'd just made up my mind I wouldn't stir a finger to be made mayor, excepting to go through the necessary legal formality of accepting candidacy if it were offered."

Detroit's Wickedest Days

HE TALKS in the manner of one demonstrating and not merely conversing. There is a celebrated teacher in his family, for he is uncle to Mrs. Charles Lindbergh, mother of Colonel Lindbergh, who had been for years a teacher of chemistry at the Cass High School in Detroit.

John Lodge started his career in the Michigan legislature, going up from one of the city districts in Detroit. He was a Republican, born with a tendency to mark a cross under the sign of the eagle. However, this did not restrain him from advocating the cause of nonpartisanship when the citizens of Detroit revolted against the old ribbon-ward system that strapped them to ancient machines.

These wards were simply cut in lengthwise strips from the river out to wherever they might end. That was far away and long ago before Detroit knew what the chug of a cylinder sounded



John C. Lodge, silent and modest mayor of Detroit

U. & U.

like; even before Henry Ford had his first steady job as night watchman.

As with all hustling young American towns trying to digest raw immigration, city government in Detroit became corrupt. The town gained a great deal and lost a great deal in the rushing growth that made it an industrial jungle.

The most modern of modern communities was soon being ruled by the slice system of pocket wards, and the politicians became rich. Each of the sixteen wards had its boss. Corruption prevailed, but the business men of Detroit were too busy to check up on city government.

But John Lodge and others—not very many others—were meeting and discussing. Presently they acted. An Eastern detective gumshoed into Detroit, posing as a real-estate agent for the Wabash Railroad. He planted dictographs all over the place, and as a result seventeen of the city's forty-two aldermen were indicted.

The odor sickened Detroit's then half million citizens. It was the psychological moment to introduce a new city constitution to supplant the old ward divisions. The bosses were stubborn: they fought over every square inch of their fastnesses. But Lodge and the other crusaders belabored the city day by day, night by night.

"Speeches," he recalls. "I made hundreds of speeches. I'd spout new characters to any quartet that would listen."

The charter won, and Detroit found itself modeled somewhat after early Venice in style of government. Nine tribunes, called city councilors, were provided by the charter—all to be elected at large, the councilor receiving the largest vote to be president of the council. John Lodge, at that first election under the new city charter,

received the largest vote. In every biennial city election since the citizens of Detroit have paid him the same honor up to and including the mayoralty election last November, when, through force of habit, they gave him more votes than his wet opponent—some 12,000 more.

This victory was personal, not the triumph of a cause, for John Lodge is no reformer. Under Mayor John Smith, Lodge's predecessor, elected after a ferocious fight on the religious issue, "the boys" are said to have had a vigorous inning. On the eve of the election he cried that Detroit was a wringing-wet town and would so remain if he was returned to office.

The boys and their gay sisters applauded this utterance and lined up to vote. It looked as though the quiet, elderly man who had resigned as president of the city council to conduct a silent campaign for mayor would be swamped by the wet vote.

A Clash with Couzens

THE betting stood against him seven to four. Until the count from the 700 precincts was two thirds finished that money appeared extremely wise. But then the residential suburbs were heard from.

"It struck the country as a seven-day wonder," Mayor Lodge mused, "but there was nothing miraculous about my getting this job. You see, I know my city thoroughly. I was city editor of the Detroit Free Press in my mid-twenties, and with that background I

took up politics as a hobby. My business has been and is—lumber."

He's president of one of the lumber companies in the city whose big fortunes were all lumber fortunes plucked from the rich peninsular forests, until the motor age came roaring along to exclude all other joy rides to millions.

"The most useful service to government," said Mr. Lodge, "is not to rush into reform, but to stay on the inside and work gradually."

So apparently without ambition he remained on the city council with no yearning for advancement. Doing his job, studying his city and its needs, knowing what went on in all departments—police, fire, education, health, streets—John Lodge made his life a course in civic economics and government. The mayoralty was undreamed of.

In 1919 there was violent dispute in the Detroit city council. Mayor Couzens, now United States senator, advocated a new plan of retaining the city street-car system in public control and operation. John Lodge strenuously opposed the mayor. There was a personal clash.

"You're obstinate, John," said Couzens.

"I'd sooner be obstinate," said Lodge, "than wrong."

"Once during a train ride from Washington, I had an impulse to the mayoralty."

"I picked up a copy of Collier's on that train and read an article by William Allen White on the mayor of Chicago. That was sizzling journalistic limelight on the horrors of our municipal machine system. It set me to wondering how salutary it would be if some great American city could elect a ballyhooless mayor."

This speculation remained dormant until John Lodge awakened on an autumn morning to find his name at the head of petitions being circulated naming candidates for mayor. Nine thousand names were necessary to get his name on (Continued on page 32)

Bossy Gillis, the noisy and not so very modest mayor of Newburyport

Keystone

